

FATHOMS

Oct 78

Registered for posting as a publication category B
If undeliverable, return to Victorian Sub Aqua Group, Box 2525W, GPO Melbourne 3001



SAFETY IN DIVING

50c



V S A G

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

F A T H O M S

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group)

Box 2526W, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001

PresidentS.D.F. Delegate

DAVE MOORE

127 Hansworth Street, Mulgrave 547-2791

Vice PresidentTreasurerS.D.F. Delegate

JOHN GOULDING,
6/40 Osborne Avenue,
GLEN IRIS
25-2883

Committee Members

PETER OAKLEY	-	509-4655	Committee Member
MAX SYNON	-	465-2812	Points Scorer
BARRY TRUSCOTT	-	783-9095	Safety Officer
PAT REYNOLDS	-	232-5358	Librarian
NEIL GARLAND	-	56-4992	Training Officer & Medical Records
FRED FERRANTE	-	211-0708	Social Secretary
PAUL TIPPING	-	387-2027	S.D.F. Delegate

Secretary

DAVE CARROLL

391-2211 Ext. 247

Newsletter Editor

BRIAN LYNCH
8 Madison Avenue
NORTH DANDENONG
795-2834

CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on Wednesday 18TH OCTOBER, 1978 at 8pm at the Collingwood Football Club, Lulie Street, Abbotsford in the 2nd floor Function Room. Bar facilities are available to VSAG members prior to, and after the General Meeting and meals are served from 6pm until about 9pm. A list of VSAG members will be provided to the Football Club thereby eliminating the requirement to sign the visitors book at the entrance. Visitors welcome!

FOREWORD

Here we are again, off on the Newsletter roundabout for another year. As you will see from page 1 we have a new president. Dave Moore steps up to head the club, whilst John Goulding becomes vice-president and treasurer. It is appropriate I think at this time to say that during Johnny's term in office the club has been successful due mainly to his abounding enthusiasm, and the tremendous amount of hard work, often unnoticed that he has put in. Well done John, certainly a hard act to follow. We also have a resignation from the committee, long serving treasurer Don McBean has stepped down due to business pressure and family commitments. Don has been the treasurer ever since I have been a member of the club, and so I certainly shall miss him. He has managed over the years to maintain the club's financial records, and also to maintain his calm unflappable image, and the money always seemed about right too. I do remember that over Christmas 1973 he did cheat a bit with his stretch the bottle game, but we'll say no more about that. Thank you Don for the hard work put in for the club, and again a hard act to follow.

Since our last Newsletter we have had a few dives and also the result of the diver of the year competition. This year won at last by Tony Tipping, well done Tony, you join an illustrious list there my boy! Second was John Goulding and third one of our family men Barry Truscott. Bazza is always thereabouts, perhaps if he dived during winter he might even win (nasty).

During one of our August dives off the Quarantine Station we encountered a seal in murky conditions at around 60 feet. It must have given our lads something to think about, because we have three different articles all about our "close encounter". We should meet these seals more often.

A good time was had by all at the SDF Dinner Dance, thanks to the hard work put in by the V.S.A.G. sub-committee who had the unenviable task of organising it. We did get something back other than the sheer enjoyment of the evening by Pete Smith winning the second prize, another camera bug for the club.

The night dive although not too well attended was enjoyed by those of us who went along, where were the other hardy souls? Finally, to end this opening editorial on a bright note, another club member has tied the marital knot, our congratulations to John Smibert who

joins our growing list of just-marrieds.

ED.

NOTICE

The following members each owe \$2.00 for log books which will be available at the October Committee Meeting.

Paul King	Dave Henty-Wilson
John McKenzie	Craig Dunster
Phil Jefferson	

DIVE CALENDAR

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>NOTES</u>
OCT. 18	COLLINGWOOD FOOT-BALL CLUB	8 PM		General Meeting
OCT. 22	FLINDERS PIER	10 AM	F.Ferrante 211-0708	Pyramid Rock
OCT. 29	SUBMARINE - Possible combined dive with Torquay Scuba Club		P.Tipping 387-2027	* Deep dive
NOV. 12	SORRENTO Boat Ramp	9.30 AM	D.Moore 547-2791	Outside Wall
NOV. 15	COLLINGWOOD FOOT-BALL CLUB	8 PM		General Meeting
NOV. 19	BALNARRING TENNIS PARTY - Afterwards at Somers. Possible early morning dive for the enthusiasts		P.Tipping 387-2027	
NOV. 26	SORRENTO	9.30 AM	B.Truscott 783-9095	

Watch next month for details of our 1979 Tasmanian Christmas Trip.

SEA KING NETS \$18m.

A 55 year old treasure hunter has won what seems to be his last battle to keep \$18 million from a sunken Spanish galleon.

Mel Fisher of Key West, Florida, was awarded the treasure by a New Orleans court in March this year, but the Florida Government appealed.

Yesterday Federal Judge William Mehrrens ruled that the Government had no right to a share.

The treasure was from the Nvestra Senora de Atocha, which sank in 1622. It included gold and silver bars, thousands of gold coins and a jewelled goblet and cup.

Tragedy stalked Fisher's search for the treasure, starting in 1969 off the Marquesa Islands in the Caribbean Sea.

He, his son Dirk, daughter-in-law Angel, and partner Rodger Miklos found the Atocha in 1971 strewn over 30km of sea floor, 15 metres down.

Over the next seven years, Dirk, Angel and a young diver drowned when a workboat capsized. Another diver was killed by a boat propellor.

Fisher broke an arm and had his teeth knocked out through being washed against the side of a boat and his wife had a nervous breakdown.

He kept running out of money, and had to take on more and more partners and was investigated for alleged fraud.

And then the court battles began.

When Fisher filed claim for the treasure, the Federal Government counter-claimed that it was public property and therefore belonged to Washington.

He said at the time: "It was as though they were saying, 'Thanks for your nine years of work, grief and frustration, boys, but we'll take things from here'".

A court ruled that the U.S. Government should not share because the wreck was out of American waters, 65km west of Key West,

Then came the Florida Government's claim, which it lost, and its appeal, which it lost yesterday.

Yet here's the rub:

Fisher will not get all the booty - he has 100 partners who will get

50 per cent of all profits and workers who will divide most of what's left.

QUARANTINE CHANNEL RUN

At 11 o'clock on Sunday 20th August Johnny, Lynchy, Scotty, Tony, Mick and yours truly met at the Sorrento Aquarium hoping to see Pete Smith before heading off in Lil 'Ab and Pete's Stejcraft for a bottle-hunt we'd planned off the Quarantine. Unfortunately, the sad news that Pete's trailer had lost a wheel somewhere along the track filtered through to us so we tentatively agreed on a switch of venue for the "marine hunt" to the bottle bed just east of the end of Sorrento Pier. We left young Barry (who had conveniently justified his failure to bring his gear on a Blue weather alert) on the pier to attend to child-minding duties. Lynchy, Bob and Mick swam into the bottle field but $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour of fossicking resulted in a miserly looking champers bottle produced by our chief bottle-hunter, Brian who, in spite of an enviable collection of old tubes adorning his lounge-room cabinet, is fast earning a reputation for describing anything with a hole in the top as an antique.

Our lack of success at Sorrento and a late improvement in the weather enabled us to head down to Quarantine. Tony managed to push the cobwebs out of the big "Merc." and on getting there 4 of us dropped in for a 20 minute run just off the beach. Highlights of the dive were a few near misses with 2 largish rays, who were apparently just as blind as we were in the murky 6 foot vizo, and a brief encounter with a large seal which took a shine to our own "bull" seals, Scotty and Lynchy. An excited Bob Scott came aboard with a vintage wine bottle. Exclaiming that it was the first he'd ever found young Scotty sat on the bow, pulled a 6 inch blade from its scabbard and started to scrape away the barnacles from his find with all the loving care of a craftsman. Normally a placid bloke, our Bob flew into an uncontrollable rage when the bloody thing disintegrated before his very eyes with his final stab at it. Bad luck Bob - we'll have to get you a clay bottle off the Holyhead next time!

All in all the calm conditions made it a pleasant little jaunt and at least a few of us managed to find our sea legs again after 2 months out of the water.

PAUL TIPPING

SORRENTO BOAT RAMP 20/8/78

Sunday morn 8am, yuk, and as usual lousy Melbourne weather. Double yuk.

Anyway seeing as we are up we will go for the drive anyhow, it will be a day out.

All the way from Footscray to Dromana it rained and rained, and then sometime between there and Rye the rain stopped, and the sun came out. You know the stuff that makes you squint and screw your face up, and comes all the way from Queensland in little green bottles.

We arrived at the boat ramp at about 11am, already there were Brian Bazza and family, John, Paul, Tony and Mike, and Lil Ab and six divers, so it was decided to dive the bottle dump off from the end of the pier. After wasting $\frac{1}{2}$ a tank of pure compressed Melbourne air, it was decided to do a channel run on the in coming tide.

Vis was 10 foot max. at 60 foot the bottom was fairly barren, except for 6 divers one seal which frightened out of me. We were just about ready to surface when this grey belly flashed past me, when the water cleared the grey belly came back for a second flash, but this time it had a pair of flippers a head and two beautiful big black eyes, whew! After playing a tug of war with us on our life line he was gone and so were we.

Back at the ramp it was hot pies, sauce, scones and tea, jam and cream. It was time to go home!

BOB SCOTT

Continuing out extracts from the North Sea Oil & Gas Industry Diving Accidents 1971-75.

In March 1975 a Norwegian diver died whilst operating to a depth of 460ft. from the Borgny Dolphin in the British sector. There was no doubt that cold played an important part in this particular accident. We know that the diver made himself heavy to operate on his tasks. We also know that he was swimming at the job. He worked rapidly and refused to take the advice of surface control to slow down his operations. The cause of death was anoxia but it is difficult to establish how one can die from anoxia when the breathing gas contained more than adequate oxygen and the equipment was working satisfactorily.

We know that hard work increases the O₂ uptake. We know that shivering can increase this uptake by as much as 100%. We also know that the onset of hypothermia causes respiratory and cardiac systems to behave abnormally. I believe that a combination of these three things can lead to fatalities such as the one I have just described.

In March 1975 diver No. 18 died during or soon after a dive to 240ft. operating from a gas platform in the southern north sea. The cause of death was pulmonary oedema caused by cardiac myopathy and the Coroner brought in a verdict of natural causes.

In June 1975 a diver was lost from a barge in the Norwegian sector. This accident is still being investigated by the Norwegian authorities and I cannot say any more than that.

In July last year two divers were lost on a pipe suction accident. The accident occurred in 120ft. of water and it was clear that the real problem of differential pressures was not fully appreciated.

In September last year two divers were lost after a successful dive to 390ft. Having completed their dive with no problems the divers locked through into the main living chamber. This chamber was heated to between 110 and 120° and due to a series of errors this temperature was probably increased and the divers were unable to get back to the transfer under pressure chamber to cool off.

In the past, particularly in the North Sea, the emphasis has always been on keeping the diver warm. It now becomes obvious that care must be taken to keep the diver in thermal balance at both ends of the spectrums.

In 1975 a fatality occurred in Stavanger Fjord during the construction of a Condeep platform. The diver dived to 140ft. and for some unknown reason slipped his helmet and umbilical and disappeared. Subsequent enquiries into the background of the deceased suggest that there was a lack of basic training.

Again in 1975 a fatal accident occurred in the Dutch sector of the North Sea when a diver operating in comparatively shallow water on air cut his lifeline; he floated to the surface and then sank and was not recovered.

SEAL OF APPROVAL

On Sunday the 20th August, the dive calendar showed that we were to dive out of Sorrento under the guidance of Paul Tipping. Driving down through the pouring rain, I remember thinking that I must be mad, I passed Bob and June and I thought they were crazy too. Then just after Frankston the rain stopped, the sky began to clear and out came the sun, and then Bazza passed me and I thought, well it must be going to be a warm day after all. I didn't know at this stage that he didn't have his diving gear with him.

Once at Sorrento, we waited around for a while, in order that Paul could work out what to do. Then Tony did a Dave Moore, and with the help of a borrowed grease gun overhauled his engine, this of course filled us all with so much confidence that Paully decided to begin with a pier crawl off Sorrento Pier, looking for the ever elusive bottle dump. Mick, Bob and I suited up and did our Number 1 Tourist attraction by dropping off the pier. Johnny, Paully and Tony motored around in order to pick us up since the current was flowing pretty strongly away from the pier. We scrounged around the bottom I did find one old champagne bottle, and Bob caught a large crab, but like Mother Hubbard our cupboard was bare. The only excitement at this stage was caused by Paul dropping his - weight belt overboard. Could I pick it up, certainly says I, not realising that due to his wearing two wet-suits, the wretched thing weighed 21 odd pounds. I had to blow the Fenzy right up in order to get off the bottom, I then spent an interesting three to four minutes floating down the bay until Lil Ab collected me.

At this point Paully, whose confidence in the boat had by now been regained, ordered the captain to head for the quarantine station. The boat took off quite smartly with six of us and our gear on board. Luckily the water was dead flat, calm enough for skiing and so no real problem for the boat to overcome. We motored past the quarantine station buildings, and then suited up ready to drop overboard and drift with the tide at the end of a rope.

Bob and Mick went first, closely followed by Paul and myself. The closer we got to the bottom the darker it got. Once on the bottom it became a twilight world. Clear visibility for about 4-5 feet, then a blurred background for another 4 feet, then grayness. Bob and Mick were behind us, we could tell that because the rope stretched out that way, but we never saw them. We were at about 60 feet, drifting very quickly over underwater sand-hills, it got a

bit lighter as we ascended the hills and then down again into the darkness as we swept over the edge, and down once more. We passed a disinterested banjo shark, and then disturbed a large ray who took off ahead of us, shaking the sand from his wings as he did so.

Paul and I were reasonably close together, and every now and again I glanced at him, just to make sure he was still there. We were drifting along through a particularly murky section, when in front of me and slightly to my right I made out the outline of what seemed to be a diver upright in the water and coming closer. Then I realised it wasn't a diver, but a large seal, it gave me a large shock I can tell you. It rolled over onto its back, zoomed in and around us, off, it seemed to pay Bob and Mick a visit somewhere in the gloom behind us. After this confrontation, Bob and Mick began to surface behind us, and Paul began to go up in front, and I was at the bottom of a U-shaped rope. As we came closer to the surface, I was in about 20ft of water with the blue rope stretching up above me, the seal made several sweeping arcs around the line nipping at it as he did so. I reached the surface in time to see him do a victory roll, and then dive off to find someone else to play with, we obviously weren't too much fun.

We made two more passes along the same beat to no avail, however we did have one more trick up our sleeve. Diving with Tony and John this time I was at the end of a line stretching off to my left. At times we were only in contact by pulls on the rope because of the bad visibility. As we swept over the bottom the line stretched away from me. I checked it several times always to my left, suddenly upon checking it for what was to be the last time I found it stretching up above my head. Must have got too cold for Tony I thought. I headed slowly up the line to find the others on the surface. Johnny had begun to get oily tasting air through his mouthpiece and he and Tony had to buddy breathe to the surface. That was that I climbed aboard the boat for the last time and we headed in towards the Sorrento Pier. So what had started out as a miserable day, turned out to be a good one full of a few surprises.

Those present were:- The Truscott family (but with no gear) the Tipping brothers and Marg., Mick Jacquieu and Johnny G., Bob, June and Reville Scott and not forgetting me.

BRIAN LYNCH

TIP'S TIT BITS

A couple of club dives actually came off in September. Firstly we finally got organised with the Torquay boys (didn't see any girls, Wendy) and dived Chimney Rock which we'd been hearing about for some time. Well worthwhile too, and just for a change it was NOT the VSAG boats that had problems. In fact I'm sure we're all looking forward to diving the famous Sub with Torquay in the very near future!

The shock of the month went to the arrival of Paul Sier's boat at Flinders on Sept. 24th - that's as far as the surprises went - Paul had to be towed to and from the dive site by the Italian Job and he himself was too crook to dive with a cold; but keep trying Paul, reckon you might even get wet at Husky! Last year they had water restrictions and you had to shower with friends!

There's only a few short weeks to the Frankston-Melbourne Big M Marathon and it looks like only Lynchy will carry the VSAG colours - good luck "old fella" you won't have much competition but I'd like to see a few members join in and run with you for a few miles - that includes this old timer who's exhausted after running 7 miles as he writes this tripe!

Tip's Tit-Bits would like to extend a warm welcome to new members Paul King and Roma Waldron and anyone else who joined VSAG recently - Roma is a trained nursing sister and Paul drinks grog!

Looks like we'll have at least four boats at Husky thanks to Bazza - got the new 17ft. Hainshe's been raving about for 17 years - even if he hasn't got a motor by then I reckon it'll still look pretty impressive outside the Vincentia Golf Club!

Could never forget the time Johnny Goulding met one of his earlier true loves - even before Minnie (with "2 n's" and an "e"). Of course this was before the pill became popular so Johnny marched off to the chemist and asked the girl: "Could I please have a dozen condoms, Miss?" whereby she immediately reacted: "Don't MISS me!" So Johnny quick and eager as ever replied "OK love, you better make it thirteen!"

FLINDERS DIVE 24/9/78

Well, once again that intrepid group of divers, from the ageing

VSAG, assembled slowly but surely at the Flinders Boat Ramp ready for another intriguing escapade with their trusted D.C. Tony Tipping. By 10.30am we were graced with the presence of four boats on what was to be a most beautiful and memorable day. The first boat to arrive was Paul Sier's "Mothball Special," which was later renamed the "Rudderless Wonder". Followed closely behind by Lil Ab, the Italian Job and Milton "The Hooker's" little piece.

After all the customary rituals of the pre-dive session, such as who played golf this morning and tennis yesterday and who didn't get any sleep last night due to some reason or other, we commenced our epic voyage to the site of the giant size Tipping crays. What a sight to behold this small flotilla of crafts slowly making their way out to sea.

But alas disaster struck, only half a mile from our destination "The Mothball Special" lost all steering ability and this became "The Rudderless Wonder". Not all was lost, Johnny "Paddles" Goulding tried to rectify the situation, but it was Dave "Towie" Moore who came to the rescue and finally we arrived at our destination. Conditions at this time were moderate swell, hardly any wind and beautiful warm sunshine.

With the robing ceremonies over, we all took the plunge and into the murky depths we went. Murky depths, what an understatement, viz was at the best of times a whole six feet, with an almighty surge. But undaunted we all continued to brave these elements to find the dreaded Tipping Giant Cray, Bazza and myself sighted at least eight crays and four of them all on the same ledge. We managed to get one, but it wasn't big enough to even take to the surface, but then again no one can accuse Tony of cray-dle snatching.

On returning to the surface and the Italian Job, Dave was with the aid of well dressed Wendy, giving Paul Sier first aid. According to the rumours, Paul disgusted with the "Rudderless Wonder" kicked it, but not to be out done it bit back. Just a short distance off, could be seen Milton in his boat with Bob Scott and "Paleface" Adamson's feet, yes only feet could be seen and with that home they went. We, with the aid of "Paddles" Goulding, towed the "Rudderless Wonder" back to the safety of Flinders boat ramp under the ever watching eye of our Father Protector "D.C." Tipping and his second in command, Paul "Wine Drop" King.

Finally with the aid of Robbies Toyota all the boats were landed and secured and we all went off to the Pie and Sauce Shop. With

full stomachs, home we went after a very pleasant and enjoyable day, which I believe everyone present would agree with. So until the next time we meet in the murky depths.

Adios from FEARLESS FRED

NIGHT DIVING THE CERBERUS

On Friday 29th September we met at the Black Rock Yacht Club for our scheduled night dive on the Cerberus. There were only four of us. Carl Jironc, Pete Smith and Milton Robinson being the other three. The conditions were favourable, not too much wind, nor wave motion. We entered the water at 7.35, Carl and I navigating by compass hit the old wreck dead amidships. Joining Pete and Milton on the surface, we decided on our plan of diving, and entered through the side surfacing in the central section. After taking our bearings we set out along the starboard corridor formed by the two hulls of the old gun platform. We arrived at the bow section, where we had a swim around although visibility wasn't the best.

We retraced our tracks through the centre section and then on to the stern. We swam around but again the visibility was only fair. We decided to make one last run along the port side again in the corridor provided by the double hull. Heading through this section I came face to face with rather a large eel. I shone the torch at it, it retreated about six feet and then just sat there. I directed my torch light around the walls but there was no opening to the sea and to my right there were just small openings and no apparent way through. I turned around and motioned to Carl to do likewise. Whilst this was all going on the silt and sand got somewhat disturbed and in next to no time there I was with zero visibility. Well not quite zero, by shining my torch one inch from my nose I found at one stage that I had missed the opening and was face to face with a rusting bulkhead. I gently eased myself through the murk and finally came to an outside opening where I swam out into the beam of Milton's torch.

Pete and Carl had reversed back into the section we had initially swam out of, so Milton and I after looking through the sandy fog swam down the side of the ship, entered through the centre section and rejoined Pete and Carl. It was then time to make our way sedately through the port exit and leave the old Cerberus to the sea and to the eels.

We swam back on the surface to the pier, where we found that Rob and Cheryl had arrived. We think that Rob deliberately missed the start but at least he did turn up. Those of us who had dived, agreed that night diving certainly was different, and that we had all enjoyed ourselves, can't understand why more people don't do it.

B. LYNCH

POINTS SCORE AS AT 20/9/78

T. Tipping	970	1.	A. Carroll	170	20.
J. Goulding	885	2.	R. Adamson	150)	21.
B. Truscott	555	3.	J. Okle	150)	
P. Smith	530	4.	D.H. Wilson	145	22.
P. Tipping	510	5.	P. Oakley	130	23.
W. Mason	485	6.	D. McBean	110	24.
C. Jirone	480)	7.	A. Cutts	95	25.
F. Ferrante	480)		C. Durster	90	26.
D. Moore	465	8.	P. Sier	80	27.
B. Lynch	445	9.	A. Whiteley	75	28.
M. Synon	405	10.	F. Herbert	60	29.
N. Garland	370	11.	T. Snushall	55	30.
C. Tilbrock	315	12.	L. Gillies	40)	31.
J. Liddy	310)	13.	K. Callec	40)	
J. Cody	310)		D. Hurle	25	32.
J. McKenzie	300	14.	B. Jansen	20)	33.
J. Smibert	280	15.	M. Jackieu	20)	
B. Scott	240	16.	C. Oakley	20)	
C. Marshall	210)	17.	J. Reynolds	20)	
J. Marshall	210)		L. Canteri	20)	
P. Reynolds	205	18.	J. Robinson	20)	
C. Croxford	196	19.	J. Turner	20)	
			A. Benson	10)	34.
			J. Noonan	10)	
			F. Coustley	10)	

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

Well have you heard the news about our Bazza and his new toy. It seems that this hardy seaman, who has been keeping rather a low

profile during the winter months has been shopping around for boats. Remembering well the rubbishing that Dave Moore used to give him about wooden boats, Bazza had finally swayed to considering a plastic one - our reports say it's a beauty too. A sparkling new 17' Haines Hunter. And, Bazza wanting to keep in favour with "Davo" chose a lovely "Italian Yellow" colour. Bazz reckons that now when Dave's boat bumps into him, as it almost certainly will, there will just be an exchange of yellows. Asked whether he would also name this boat after his wife, Bazz replied "Yes," but should there be a capital 'B' in "Boss"!!

Actually it was a good thing that Dave's "Italian Job" was on the scene at the Flinders dive on September 24th. The volvo stern-dive had no trouble towing Paul Sier's boat to the dive and back. Poor old Paul he seems dogged with bad luck. As he said, "Everytime I bring the boat along something goes wrong." Fortunately for us the last of those "everytimes" was Xmas 1974. Never mind Paul, third time you might be lucky.

The S.D.F. Dinner Dance was a rip roaring success and was well attended by V.S.A.G. members and friends. Pete Smith was lucky enough to win the Nikonos camera. So I suppose Pete will soon start sounding like the Tippings, Carrolls, Moores, Synons and others who speak in the foreign dialect of macro lenses, F stops and ASA 500. A little too technical for some of us, who confuse the sunny setting and cloudy settings on the good old instamatics.

With the warmer weather approaching, its time to make sure all your diving gear is in good condition. Remember tanks must be "in test" to be filled by dive shops and the club.

A most interesting dive was done recently with the Torquay Scuba Club on "Chimney Rock" near Barwon Heads.

This rock formation has a hollow chimney-like tunnel through which divers may swim and is quite unlike anything we have dived on around the Victorian coast. Our thanks to the Torquay Scuba Club for organizing this good day. Along for his first club dive on that occasion was Paul King. Paul works for Wynns wines and very kindly provided a bottle of heart warming port, after the dive. A far' cry from the warm Fosters and cold pies after the previous dive, eh Tony.

Paul has suggested that the club could consider a wine tasting night some time. Not bad for a bloke who's been in the club only

3 weeks.

Another person to present a different image is Tony Tipping. Having sold his golden Holden to buy an interview suit, Tony landed a job with one of those capitalist multi-national companies, that he loves so much. From being a fitness freak one week he must have found it difficult to change overnight to a pill pusher. We're not saying what sort of pills he sells but the story is that they have worked for his friends so far

We can recommend the food at the Collingwood Football Club. For around \$4.00 you can have a choice of selected cuts of steak or fish, but there is also a large variety of Chinese dishes, ably prepared by the two Cantonese chefs, Luigi and Alphonse. Perhaps poor old Collingwood imbibed a little too much of the Yum Sing before the Preliminary final. As a matter of fact, the boys down at Collingwood didn't know what they had struck when the V.S.A.G. turned up. Never before were there so many, who knew so little about Victoria's so over-publicised sporting past time. However, now that Footy's over for another year, and cricket is about to commence I'm sure there will be more non diving sporting interest discussed. Just the other day 2 members were heard talking about "bowling a few maiden's over".

MISS ROMA ROUND
(The Sailors Friend)

Would the person who borrowed a weight mould from Alan Cutts, please return it as soon as possible.

